

OZ

MARCH. No 26 20c



BUT I DONT
GIVE A STUFF
ABOUT OPERA!

FORMAL WEAR

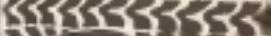


ST'S MAGIC TWIN A HEART



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WITH
FORMAL
WEAR

COMPETITION

Bigot jokes are sweeping America, which means pretty soon they'll be all the rage here. To help boost an indigenous joke-culture, OZ offers two years' free subscription for the best set of All Australian bigot jokes against nations, Greeks, Asians and Aborigines.

Overseas stampede

What's the real test for the world?
The Polish Who Who
When does an Indian go to Church?
When he's Christianised, married and elec-

tricised

How do you change the oil in a Polish engine?

How ever an Indian

What red, white, blue, yellow, pink, green
and purple?

A Polish dreamt up

What's the smallest book in the world?
Indian War Stories

What do you call six Poles standing in a crowd?

A shape ring

What does an Indian多层次 say to
the garbage man when he asks, 'How
much garbage today?'

He takes three bags

What do you call a Polish girl running
away from her family?

A wege

How do you know when an Indian has
drowned?

By the oil slick around the poor

Why does it take five Indians to break
something?

One does the breaking, the other four
write the nation's note.

Why do Indians always have garbage in
their pockets?

For identification

NO NEWS IS GOOD NEWS

Here is the National News from the ABC, read by Jim Dibble

A Coup De Goux by certain members of the ABC's Melbourne staff opened the loyalty deserved by Head Office in Sydney, who carried out today between the hours of one and two p.m. It lasted exactly 10 minutes before the Manager unexpectedly returned to retrieve his power from the clutches of an unnamed staff who were in the throes of distributing its contents to that deserving charity organisation, the ABC Staff Association. Upon discovery of the Coup, the three leaders were headed

before the Committee and promoted to high executive positions within the ABC. It is hoped that in time they will become highly confused with the Real Tape and thus lose their way forever in the maze of a Semi-Government Bureaucracy.

When asked to comment on the Coup, the Manager noted that, "certain members of the ABC were developing an inferior complex as no one ever bothered to stage violent demonstrations or takeovers on the steps of Parliament House or were people still in other free living countries such as Pre-Soviet Russia, Indonesia, Ghana and the Congo". "These members," he added, "were merely endeavouring to rectify a deplorable situation." When asked if not the ABC bothered to check the political backgrounds of the leaders, the Manager replied, "I hardly think it's necessary now. Judging from their current actions, it's perfectly obvious that these people are supporters of the Liberal Government. If they weren't, they'd have taken the damn place over long ago."

This news comes to you from the Australian Broadcasting Corporation.

In Melbourne today, the Leader of the Opposition in State, Mr. Coldwell, denied all rumours of dissension and strife within the ranks of the Australian Labour Party. Standing before his Royal Guard of three followers, he told them that, "Unity within my party is of a unique level. Never before have we been able to present such a front to the people of Australia. I speak with great confidence when I state that Australia has the most Prime Minister of Australia." When asked to comment about Mr. Whitlam's leadership in his leadership, Mr. Coldwell replied, "Gough is just a young lad, letting on to be a bit of an emotional showman. He's absolutely come in his youth. He only fails to recognise himself to the fact that both of us cannot be the next Papa."

Meanwhile in Sydney Mr. Whitlam was still holding it down with members of a Motel on Scott Street. In a White Hotel Old Man of 72, of the Mason International Union, informed Mr. Whitlam's supporters before his assault for Mason's International ran across the former statesman, "Dinner with the Wicked Gaugh Dog". Mr. Whitlam begged your pardon — Mr. Whitlam noted that again Mr. Whindon turned to the demonstrators and accused him of being a "dissident and a revolutionary reactionary". He further told the demonstrators that he should return to his home in Haymarket Avenue and take to take refreshment peacefully. Community Security Police interviewed onlookers of Mr. Whitlam and the shooting began. Let's forget, reports indicated that although the casualties were high on both sides, there seemed little hope of an early settlement.

Mr. Whitlam told an ABC reporter that he was seriously considering asking for American Aid. He also maintained rumours of the sex with which the other side had manoeuvred to own itself. "We suspect that some of our own arms are being smuggled to the enemy through the Ho Chi Minh trail of the back of the terminal building."

Melbourne police are still continuing their hunt for Australia's Prime Minister Mr. Harold Hart. So far police have established the fact that Mr. Hart drove to Portsea Beach with a load of young girls or constituents on his tail. Observers police are anxious to interview a group of young ladies wearing bright coloured jumpers with "Los Angeles Thunderbirds" printed across them.

100% MALE

WITH A
REPUTATION
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MEN TAKE CARE
Men's Health
Centre with
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men, the hardness,
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Men's Health and Nutrition Centre is 13 to 21 Argyle, Little 3 hours. Tel: 644-0442. Better by mail from: Burns Laboratories, 900 E. 9th, Little Rock, AR 72204.

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I'm All Right, Jacky

Of course, I don't hold with any of this race prejudice business. John, any more than you do I mean, you don't think your people — you wouldn't call 40,000 part-breed a ~~race~~, would you — I don't think your people are any worse than mine. Or any better if it comes to that.

You again, don't you, "cause you do. No, I don't think you're really different apart from, say, a natural sense of rhythm and all. . . . you can't hold your drink in quite the same way (not that it's a virtue) and you need time to eat." Then again we don't hold the same values. Jacky! I can call you Jacky! can I? Good boy, Jacky, it comes easier than James. I like these ~~superficial~~ tribal values which we lack. In our more civilized way, you know? Like shoving food until you have any money, it's say you've been working . . . if you have any money then all the relatives can have it for the lot, isn't that right?

Well, there's just not enough sharing in this old world, is there? Mind you — and I'm being frank here, Jacky because you seem one of the brightest boys — mind you

I do draw the line at womenfolk. Sharing womenfolk just seems like me (well, a personal thought, understand) well, this is a bit over the fence. I suppose it's being feels differently about it when the overextended wife remains but well.

Most often though, you've really great
titles. You've only got to see *Jawny Little*
You all like him I guess or *Pistol Doug*
Nicholai or even that half-coaster, *Charla*
er, you know the one. *Pilkline*, Yeah,
that's Charlie Perkins he's a comedian boy he's
not very good. Authors are good at sport and
I'm really going to see him in *Big Man* and
with the *Outer Doctor* means, man I tell you
—of course you do or don't go much for
education do you but that's understandable
with the differing values. A *Big Bull* all
danger and the *boss's* hacket, when it's done
with some plumb and that's on for a week
most of you can think, isn't it, who? What
what's wrong with that? I say, if that's all
a black wants in life well I say that's
OK with me. You agree don't you, 'coz
you do.

"Croses me less as I am, Jacky, I don't mind saying. You wouldn't know much about life would you, not paying it — but make it know me, it's the white man's friend, Jacky, a real black curse to any black nation."

But before I go, I want to comprehend you all on your country. I really like New England one of the greatest, wasn't he? You paint at all? Not? You should, you know, you'd make a killing if you were so good as him and I guess you all are. You could form the La Freniere school of artists, I told these heifers could do with a little while we're at it and make a small fortune! Big bros for all the ladies and beauties for the pacesetters, eh? God knows they need them, you can always tell about the Fytheian wreaths because they're so slappy. Jacky, you know big shape fronts? Don't you suppose you notice the difference, though, that I wouldn't sit in your position and I'm not on? You agree, don't you? I'm not in your position and you can't live in me, Jacky. That's just the way it is, like, the world isn't going to change overnight, is it?

Well, I've got to be off now so I'll have that one ... no, the one with fish on it, yeah, and with the kangaroos all over the labels, that's a beauty. No doubt about you lot, plenty aboriginal stuff and it's all made right here. I've got to head it to you, Ross, who else would set up a boomerang factory in Australia?

ARE YOU proud of me? I'm MR DAVIS-HUGHES, your future
MINISTER FOR CULTURE. I've just achieved the greatest per-
sonal success of my political career in my life and I'm
SURE you're I AM A GREAT MAN a sort of ANTIPODEAN
ANDRE TIEFLAND. What a BRILLIANT move forcing that
DAVISH PESTA DONKEY to resign. I'd want to sing his
own Bloody opera if we'd let him stay. We can find
that Bloody monstrosity own our own - THANK YOU!
We have some of the WORLD'S GREATEST architects right
HERE in Australia, WALTER PARKER for example. Just
look at the wonderful buildings he's done. I've even
drawn up a few plans myself. Bloody good too. Heaven
FORBID him no Architect. I'm not even a Bachelor of
SCIENCE. NOW DON'T get me wrong. I ADMIRE UTZON.
GOD KNOWS I've suffered the OPERA HOUSE for years now.
buying Lottery tickets. NEVER winning. money out of me
own pocket. I bet those building ARTS Architects need bought
my FRANCK from trying to pull the works over my head like
such all, see leading design carrying on freelance architect
Victor in ARTS WILL BE ARTS TRYING TO SELL
- I KNOW BETTER IN ARTS ARCHITECTURE RE SELL
- WILL BE ARTS TRYING TO SELL
- FOR ARTS WILL BE ARTS TRYING TO SELL



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BLANCHE
d'ALPUGET
CONDUCTS...

THE TREATMENT



The new "Sun" column that gives the treatment to everything under the sun

DON'T BLAME ME, BLAME THE SYSTEM,

weeps DAVID

McNICOLL, the voice of
Sir Frank's Daily
Telegraph.

The views expressed in
this column are not necessarily
those of the writer.
The views expressed by the
Daily Telegraph are not
necessarily those of its readers.

I've never believed anything
I've written. I've



never been allowed to
write anything I believed
I believe nothing. No one
reads what I write anyway.
Help me, I'm a hack

THE TRUTH IS NON SECTARIAN

geniuses

Archbishop Gough,
Greek Orthodox lay
Prophet.

The outline of concord
comes in the unusually tight
jaws of these lovely Vic
town youths, aroused
Rev. Gibson to passionate
ly admonish them with his
hand.

I don't often agree with
members of the opposite
church, but the sparkings



in this case were surely
God ordained, and no
doubt released the pent up
emotions of the Reverend
I'm God ordained
too.

editor of the Sydney
Morning Herald and
part-time liberal



OF FLOP UTZ OUT,

purs John PRINGLE,

The roof must leak! The building
must fall! Its functional Utz is
a genius but can't keep the rain
out! His resignation is a sad but
wise decision.

Another sad but wise decision is
Holt's compliance with American

military strategy. It's a pity that 20-
year-olds must be sacrificed to help
support an unpopular, despotic im-
pot Government. But diplomacy
before nuclear, a few hundred
deaths before American disdain.



IT'S A YOUNG WORLD,
says GOUGH
WHITLAM, 49,
Member of Parliament.

Whatever anyone else
says (and they've said it
often enough to us, haven't
they?) I say that the future
is in the hands of you
young. We are the Wilsons,
Keneleys and the
Caldwells of the future.
(More specifically, I am.)
No matter what role in life
your past may have lined
you for (and most is a

I NEED THE TREATMENT,

I promise to tell the truth, the
whole truth and the police tell every
thing but the truth. So help and
God, I don't know what's wrong with
the Victorian police. Maybe it's just
me. Maybe it's all the people like
me that drag the Force down and out
into the glass of publicity.

long past) it is up to YOU
to make your own way and
push, push, push. You
may push into temporary
oblivion but don't worry,

the future is always ahead.
I know that I have a
great future ahead of ME
— somewhere, sometime,
somewhere.



TREATMENT'S TREATER,

by BLANCHE
D'ALPUGET, 42,
re-written.

I begin with a short sentence:

Yes, that's what I do

And so do all the other
"Treatment" writers! Con-
radine! No. We all have
short sentences, garrulous
punctuations and my laun-
dry jokes.

Do you know why? I
know! That's right, it's
because I re-write all that
the brilliant young minds
send in. Fancy — we
give them absolute carte
blanche. Gosh, Blanche
d'Alpuget, that is



New Young Fashion Greats.

The new movement that is not intellectual and a painful attempt to reaccept the past order is the cultural muddlehead in Britain which has been sold to form a "new class". This class is known by a number of gaudy inspiring names. Chief of them is the "Wet-nit" Society. Its subdivisions are those of Negro intellectuals slightly assimilated. Hip is in. Cool is in. Knowing smart places before the Indians in the Taiwan leg is in. Money is in. Worrying about it is out.

And yet this is not just another fad by which the younger generation asserts its superiority to the one that went before it. The social heroes at the place are not a group but a collection of disconnected individuals, each one immersed in his sphere, which sphere in itself is comic, chic and most important, professional.

The collection, divided the "Switched-On Set". The offshoot is to not get television series, the same function of figurehead as the Royal Tenenbaums for the system. Noteworthy there is little sentimentality in the adulation given them. Rather envy.

They're the dark side, of course, an offshoot of the middle bourgeoisie and the commercial machine, only temporarily possessing the glamour that makes them noteworthy. The better side exists. At least they were electric to the system. Most, because of skills rather than looks. Even if the stuff was only melting money.

Beneath this tiny elite are the common also-much-of-the-New-Middle-Class—better educated, more refined, more cosmopolitan even than the one before it. But unsharable. Better dressed. More worldly. Sophisticated. Travelled. Rather inexplicably. Able to hold his own with the German, the French, quite superior to the Swiss, looking downly of the vulgarism of

the Americans. And, of course, cherishing the gross "broadness" of the New Intellectuals.

From this group has come some of the best designed, most lucid, popular magazines in the world today. This is not remarkable per se, except that here, then, of the different levels of civilization in Germany, Italy and Britain. And the British sophistication is often really fresh-faced in tremendous breakthroughs.

From this group too has come on audience and a megalomaniac machine for a popular music industry of most robust proportions, both sonoristically and comically.



It is a peculiar and remarkable aspect of the English character that it can often emerge scrofulously benevolent of divergent interests. The British commercial machine, benefit of colonial markets, had to turn somewhere. It turned to the youth. Unlike America, it allowed the youth to find, define the basis of culture it wished to have.

The music of the Beatles and the Rolling Stones, the Animals and The Who, is inspired by the cultural vigour of the urban folk music of the American Negro. It ends this vigour with British ideas of harmony,

issues and values, to create a music that is both popular in the commercial sense, and real musical interest. The best of it serves its function, to suggest happiness, music, dancing. Often outstanding harmonic, vocal, and poetic, yet diverse or potholed.

Most recently both the Beatles and the Rolling Stones have begun to incorporate devices from other, older musical cultures—the use of the ancient, mono-chorded Indian sitar, Hammond Organ effects, string quartets. These additions not only add features and colour variety, combined with consistently creative song writing, they consent to a music which satisfies all the requirements of a mass culture like ours, at its zenith stage—Society's folk being both urban in the cities, and, in far greater numbers, at their embodiment, their before.

It is, by the way, the New Professional, which causes psychologists to express grave doubts for the future.

This group, often as much as a decade or more younger than the members of the other shots, are different from early working generations only in their sailing of the middle and orthodox of the middle class adolescent group.

They are still common fiddlers, regrettably, dispensed by their cultural heroes and mediators of their sexual appetites. And set in their clinging class-race and institutional beliefs a world of heavy incomprehensible forces, but perhaps the greatest threat to European civilization.

On the good side, their diets, for all its excesses, entertain some aspects of individual sexual role conflict and a large degree of these, based rebellious against the world of parents and past.

This group traditionally solved role problems by the development of the



hetero-male characteristics of frigidity and hyper-female traits of coquettishness and fawning. Today's gentler politics may place these ancient early adolescent conflicts in abeyance. But they do live. And I can see no better way to submerge the oedipal deviant urge than prolonged and confirmed heterosexual infatuation.

This group is becoming less devoured economically — also culturally — and this is a healthy sign. That it must remain the victim of indiscriminate expansion of unnecessary and quickly redundant "luxury" goods is sad. It is not catastrophic. And yet this group is the most primitive of the new primitives.

different cultural manifestations. And its sire Money is its event land possibly real god. While love is taken as a birthright.

It is the spirit of the Negro which inspired this radical shift in Anglo-Saxon cultural attitudes, precisely as it was the tribe-powerful one of Africa which inspired Picasso to paint the picture that aesthetically (and practically) destroyed the hold of the relentless Classical Ideal in European art.

The flaggators of instant wine apart? For all to see? They had been opened 37 years earlier, however.

Mahler in 1880 wrote an Adagio above

movement in his last symphony which he wished no call "Funeral March". It was a wild, rooky, vulgar, brilliant, cynical parody of the author's musical and social background, his own mother love songs and the popular music of the day. It scandalised Brahms.

In regarding the deepest, most secret feelings of his soul in a manner at once witty and shocking Mahler was a blaster.

Picasso, in a blared version of instinctual love and dark discovery was as much a blazer as the Mods. It had to be the British though. The Europeans were still too aware of the unashamedness of being half-track, line and asterisk for the self-hate that creates such brilliant aesthetic artifacts as such total revolutions.

In their instinctual, their lack of reason, their selfishness, the members of the "With-it" Society are "switched-on" so nothing more terrible than the pure life instinct out of which the heaviest imagination was slowly fashioned. If conservative England presented man as a Centaur's head, then the new society except men as a headless Centaur. Both are warped of course, both are partial. Only the latter is at the beginning of the regressive cycle.

In the Technological Era where folk culture will create the balance flattening the human entity of an onwards world of things, in Art re-invents the multitudinous human urge to create and enjoy in a new series of styles, dictated by the one "Half-Horn". This has all happened before. Does it really matter whether His animal spirit is Courtesan or Negress or simple human? It will still follow the same path.

What WERE you saying about the End of the World?

Adrian Rawlins.

QUEEN

ENGLAND SWINGS
LIVE A REVOLUTION

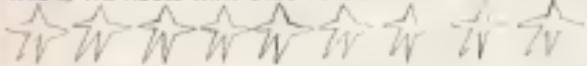
FOUNDED 1961 VOLUME 222



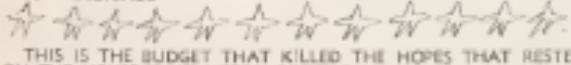
Lack of cultural communication invariably breeds hotrods, prostitutes and social disruptions. Despite the spirit of synthesis which animates the music of the British pop-culture isolators, despite the breakdown of frigidity between sexes culturally and philosophically, there is still a social system. It differences utterly much whatever health could emerge from the sagittal homogeneity of teenage fashion. A bottom dog. In Isambard's world is best to sing Isambard of love.

Afternoon created this new social domination and presented its healthy self-

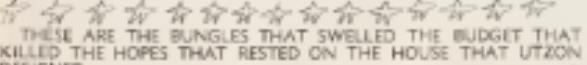
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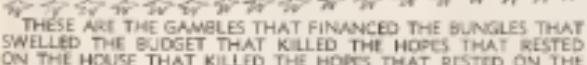
THESE ARE THE HOPES THAT RESTED ON THE HOUSE THAT UTZON DESIGNED



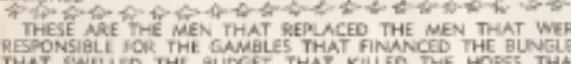
THIS IS THE BUDGET THAT KILLED THE HOPES THAT RESTED ON THE HOUSE THAT UTZON DESIGNED



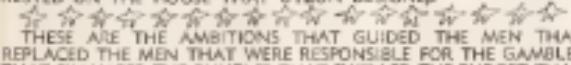
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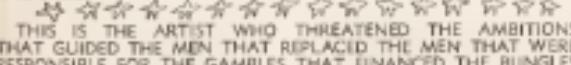
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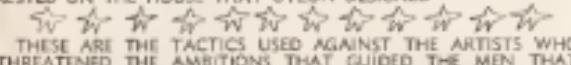
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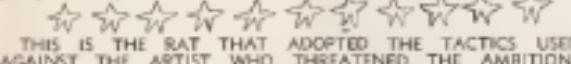
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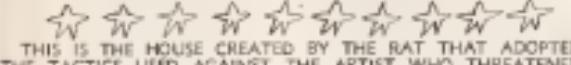
THIS IS THE ARTIST WHO THREATENED THE AMBITIONS THAT GUIDED THE MEN THAT REPLACED THE MEN THAT WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE GAMBLES THAT FINANCED THE BUNGLES THAT SWELLED THE BUDGET THAT KILLED THE HOPES THAT RESTED ON THE HOUSE THAT UTZON DESIGNED



THESE ARE THE TACTICS USED AGAINST THE ARTISTS WHO THREATENED THE AMBITIONS THAT GUIDED THE MEN THAT REPLACED THE MEN THAT WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE GAMBLES THAT FINANCED THE BUNGLES THAT SWELLED THE BUDGET THAT KILLED THE HOPES THAT RESTED ON THE HOUSE THAT UTZON DESIGNED



THIS IS THE RAT THAT ADOPTED THE TACTICS USED AGAINST THE ARTIST WHO THREATENED THE AMBITIONS THAT GUIDED THE MEN THAT REPLACED THE MEN THAT WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE GAMBLES THAT FINANCED THE BUNGLES THAT SWELLED THE BUDGET THAT KILLED THE HOPES THAT RESTED ON THE HOUSE THAT UTZON DESIGNED



THIS IS THE HOUSE CREATED BY THE RAT THAT ADOPTED THE TACTICS USED AGAINST THE ARTIST WHO THREATENED THE AMBITIONS THAT GUIDED THE MEN THAT REPLACED THE MEN THAT WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE GAMBLES THAT FINANCED THE BUNGLES THAT SWELLED THE BUDGET THAT KILLED THE HOPES THAT RESTED ON THE HOUSE THAT UTZON HALF-DESIGNED



Panel 1: Headboard from a colored comic book issued by the Department of Health, Welfare and the National Institute of Mental Health, published by the Department of Health, Welfare and the National Institute of Mental Health, 1965.

Johnny Gets the Word



HOW TO GET A TOP PRICE FOR YOUR SELL

Join the advertising industry. Here unskilled workers can earn more money than doctors, politicians or nuclear scientists. Education is not essential for a successful career — it can even prove a hindrance. There is no apprenticeship system (many top executives have never worked in the despatch department) and creative talent is redundant.

JOIN JOIN

If you are an underpaid clerk, an overworked greenhorn, or an dole, then you should consider the opportunities offered by a career with an advertising agency. You could be an Account Executive or a copywriter. There are other occupations within an agency, such as layout artists or media consultants, but these require semi-skills.



Advertising is the art of selling. First, the aspiring Account Executive must learn to sell himself. His job is to mediate between the client and the creative department. A good Account Executive is liked by the former and tolerated by the latter.

He must seek client approval for the advertisements created by

the agency.

"Let's run it up the flag pole and see if the natives salute" is not the way Account Executives talk. It is the way they think. It means, "let's kiss the client's ass and see if he likes my ad, bobby."

If the client likes the ads, the Account Executive rises in his prestige and thus his position in the agency is consolidated. If the client doesn't like the ads, the Account Executive usually avoids censure by blaming an irresponsible creative department.

The client is never wrong. A good advertisement is one that is approved by the client. If the client likes the advertisement but it fails to sell his product then the agency is at fault for its bad media strategy. If the client disapproves of an ad which is accidentally inserted and it is effective, then, although the ad is still bad, the product is fabulous. The Account Executive must learn to smile in the face of these interpretations.

He must also learn to smile in the face of his creative department when he is rejecting their suggestions.

NICE, VERY NICE

Though he will only do this mentally Antagonistic copywriters and artists are of no use, so an A.E. must learn how to accept artwork and copy from them smilingly with one hand, and shove it in the dust bin with the other. Later he can tell his creative team that the client canned the ads.

In reality he could never afford to show clients ads that are risky, otherwise the agency might get canned. That's why even if an imaginative, original, well written and aesthetic ad is done, it is never shown to the client. Its novelty would offend him.

Don't be deterred by the seeming sneakiness of this occupation.

There are many perks. You can help select models for television and magazine ads, you will be able to take the clients to expensive and chic places on the agency expense accounts and you can ride tax-free.

At Christmas time "fun" ads are often prepared for clients. You can pressure the agency's most used photographers to round up some delectable young girls. The anxious models don't like competing but they need your business the following year.

The "fun" ads you prepare will be at you (and in some cases the client) hanging around with the models, fingers on hips, etc.

Often you will get discounts on the client's products. This can mean cheaper cigarettes, whisky, cosmetics, menswear and so on. This almost compensates for the fact that you are required by agency management to use clients' products exclusively. Account Executives have been fired for smoking non-client brands, of cigarettes at agency liaison meetings.



Just as the Account Executive has to ingratiate himself before the client, so there are many representatives from the press, radio and TV who will kiss your ass. These people want you to place ads for your clients in their media. They will give you presents at Christmas and remember your birthday. Treat them gently. One day they might become clients.

Despite the money (\$120-\$160 weekly) you might feel that the image of an A.E. is too mundane for you. After all, you might want to sport a goatee beard (this is frowned heavily on by management. Some clients do not like beards), wear zippy suits and camp it up a bit.

You will have more freedom to develop a "with-it" personality in the creative department of an agency and in some circles you will have more prestige. Try being a copywriter.



COPY WRITER



Usually a copywriter never sees the product he tries to sell. He only reads about it from an agency briefing-sheet. This briefing-sheet is an Account Executive's interpretation of what he thinks the client thinks the agency ought to say about his product.

No matter how bad the product is, agencies always contend the competitor's product is worse.

In most cases the product you are asked to write about has been advertised consistently in overseas media. Agencies abound with supplies of overseas magazines and have regular screenings of overseas TV and radio commercials. These are not difficult to adapt. Sometimes TV commercials are copied word for word and their treatments made identical to American counterparts (Eso Tiger in Your Tonk, Fol White Knight, Tab Soft Drinks, Malboro).

If by chance you should test the product, don't be inhibited by its drawbacks. They can easily be disguised for the purposes of advertising. The only limit to a copywriter's imagination is the threshold of consumer believability. You can bullshit most of the people most of the time.

TV and magazine colour ads are foisted. The foods shown in the "Women's Weekly" purporting to come from pockets or tins are, in fact, exotic fresh foods prepared by agency kitchens. Unfortunately, foods straight from the tin reproduce in magazines looking like foods straight from the tin.

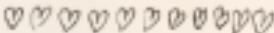
When the Peculiar-white shirt must contrast favourably against other "white" shirts for TV advertising, Charlie really does wear a "nice shade of grey".

A conscience, if he has one, can sometimes prick a copywriter. Not because he is permanently inventing benefits for phoney product

differentiations (petrol, cigarettes, soap, dandruff lotion) but because he is sometimes required to promote products that might do a consumer actual harm (cigarettes, the army, either political party).

Scratch a copywriter and you'll find minor literary pretension underneath. Copywriters scratch themselves in pensive moments to expose ambitions of writing. The Great Australian musical or Strike Film.

Scratch him again and you'll find a shoe-sole-skin.



Answers for the

How can your image scale
With Flashbang cars
And big guitars
And pretty Alastair's off in

and
Future Poss

ONE ALONG THE
LAKE SHFT.
PAPA, PAPA,
SAY SOMETHING



As I was going to Strawberry Fair,
I saw a girl named
Ruthie Daze 465-1234-44 Seven times
I saw her on that road, then I never saw
her again 465-81234-44 -44 -44 -44 -44

"Not till this Friday looking cheque is cleared," she snarled, and raised her Beldere. "—And that takes ten working days and next Monday and Tuesday are Public Holidays, so (and she snarled) I'll see you in

"Basil best be there" I merrily added
"Or else till bring my own Basil, etc."
And so I did next time I saw her, and
that was about ten days past.

I've been in London for nearly 5 years now. Yes of course I miss AUSTRALIA. The SUN, THE BEACHES, THE SURFING.



But I couldn't survive there. Spiritually suffocating. The censorship - the apathy! The Suburbia - Spiritually suffocating, The Censorship. The Suburbia. I was in a farrow. I HAD to get out, travel.

seek my muse. Yes I'd like to go back... for a HOLIDAY of course, pick up some material, but I couldn't stay long. My home's here now, my friends, my career, my life. here I'm fulfilled. I'm a success, in Australia I was nothing - DEAD.

here in LONDON I'm ALIVE, RECOGNISED. I've earned a place for myself. Here... in

London... in London... in London... where else could you move 700 poker worked boomerangs a week?



I've been here 6 months now and I must say I REALLY ad^hit Australia, a really wonderful

little country. Actually I'm looking for a job on a property, overseas or something... Why YES I have some MARVELLOUS addresses. Had a wonderful sensitive holiday at PORTSEAH marvellous people to work

the PARTIES - PALM BEACH is quite Delightful you certainly have the loveliest girls in the WORLD so BROWN and RIVETING A TREMENDOUS contrast to LONDON. Surelay! Sure so Refreshingly naive and FRIENDLY. Sooooo hospitable. MARVELLOUS which people you Australians REALLY are NOT joking. Your sense of humour HO HO. Why as a matter of FACT my son is a DUKE but DUNNT become a wild Prince Charles? a darling, Margaret? a swan? The Deb Season, a MAD MAD affair with Father, I said if I didn't come here had

CUT of my inheritance \$8000 I'm really looking forward to acquiring a GOOD position, your FATHERS had a property? I'd LOVE to meet him. A COCKTALE night on Friday I'd also too... as a matter of fact I'm not sleeping anywhere tonight I'd love too. 108 AUSTRALIANS are

LITTLE PATTY WHITE

Series that was dominated here in the wide brown land of Ozmania by people called Fairy. Putting down girls was of greatest in the pop industry is Little Fairy and in the Fast and Square cities of Canada and Melbourne there is the White of Ming, lewdly and talented. These Fairy last, and by no means least, there's Little Fairy White, gatherer of rapping and I would venture to say, young girls. It's so brilliant that the undiscerning live. Her modell method is for one fast ride major nose round. But a park at the blurb on the back soon gave us the down on the fact that she was great indeed.

Of course, he should be good. He would be a good man at the old Kappa Kappa Kappa Coll. Canterbury as a matter of fact. But he's doing something right. Wait. According to the blurb on the back of my dearest dagger *Atomic Program* she had herself looking a truly obscene wader a stupendous arch of bounces. When then went in London, determined to become a writer.

What he did. Good on you, Fairy. I never saw blonde who tries to smile and is determined and has the old family though behind them so they can should be a lot of OK after all those years.

And he is. The All's Happy had review like " — is a real do blouse (blushing and electrifying) — and — just at the last twenty words of the decade I never said anything about 'You' which made it sound like a 'Cathedral among boozes' or something along those lines. Or that might have been for Roths. Not sure. Think it was Davenport in the Observer or it might have been Welsh Allen—an arts one I have, to have the facts, we're just here to knock (Knock, knock, Mike's there. Do Knock knock. Who's square? Do yourself. On with the show.

I can see the old boulders rising now. What is this guy giving up and bawling Dax Boy? Well, reader I stepped out of line. I at the Variety Show and that wasn't the get a person or two or so and I bought a few Little Fairy paperbacks so quickly in the back up pocket of my pants and I used a lot of a couple of them by mistake and then a whole bunch right back into the WPA box.

"Freaks" and "lewd" stories off. But did not do it. Therefore for did not spend. The engine of the car uses a pressure in the steering, such were findings in the cellular. Indeed recent such word over

greatly, in the glorified land. And am about.

In the past not at Colombo. There and the principles of the moving and thoughts. Those thoughts were reflected black and back in the old days of Asia had, writing in the town of the outer house mirror the flowing and fluctuating words of various subjects and authors. Her thoughts remained the old metal arm of the writing pen in society, study, so that she were now flowing and parking in April around the wheel of her art and pale of her past. The thin metal, beaten out no doubt by twenty grouped workers in some factory somewhere in France.

All comes in a car ahead of them which were pushing out of the traffic stream. "What was that?" asked Diana Dasher. Her voice had again the quality of water and gave tone itself. Her more innocent of her masochist lady friends had snorted before, but now remained, it was not the thing to do.

The article of the car came back the block of the road and the article of the day.

Stabbed prepared for delivery, which is an easier factor and perhaps a little hysterical occasions our pitch for the knife when you coming as the road did under the small black apprehensive mouth of the city in which they roared the pitch which was the place "All, you are driving too slowly!"

But of course that wasn't what I say. It won't anything like that change words and telephone. What I said was one of the three twenty of the decade and you can get the last on the back of any of them. I mean no copy it good but what I ate now I ask you. It is REHOMING! But that's not the point. Thing is an INGENUITY. We are only India. I can't imagine that there will flow like water and at the feet of Linda. I can't believe it have at all. For so long and trying to have that for the reader to remain outside out of the Normal World. Herd and adapt and pay and pay and pay and have a "C" circle no matter how much of it there is and have another LP is as a writer and now alternative and with a variety, but should like an elephant over all this make up for the fenced trap he goes in for office?

They're off now" and Where G. had turned back where the sky was falling and the cylindrical trees in their columns of years were falling and pushing uppling.

—PETER DRAFFIN

BANNED No. 2
Banned in Victoria! Banned in
Queensland! Restricted by author-
ities in other States Obscenity
No. 2

OBSCENITY



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Magazines to sale only to those half persons over 21.

Sir: Whatever possessed you to make such a song and clatter about Faerie prance around in the last issue I mean I suppose since he's got his appointment at Religious Order (?) but surely you could have hidden his article under the blacked ad or some where if it had to be published.

Surely this was the most unadorned, wild, crazy and incredibly naive prior of language accompanying ever. What a silly little fellow Mr. Jones must be, showing vast omniscience from what one little person says to him, forming "impressions" so subtle that the moral business of his opinions, given way to an unopened envelope.

Please don't publish any more of his crudities because the last and Mr.]

No one could be more ready to say that and have anyone would be better in-

KNOCK-KNOCK WHO'S THERE?

First, primary schools. There are old remnants of these in the Long Tail Auntie Department on left, one

slightly dampened, so we got
slakadoopy and a hangin' handbaggy,
eversince, I mean all you underdark jobs in
Dad's firm, long as we been, Giv' shopin' sprees.
of course, I've been here of the cappuccino dozen
of our lives, I mean, lashed the west walls
of the old Aladdin Motel, which is Amer' for
Old School, which is English for
the better Schools, which is N. Shireen's UP
SCHOOL, which is King's School depicted as
far as I've concerned for right as to the
elbow with the lot of them. The whole
class education thing is just, well, a
load of old rotrobs, rule John father-Lam-
mon, the adult soft look. And now I'll drown
you in some risque' reminiscences

We used to have sheep herds here in the winter, raise for moneymaking, and then with a comp meadow lease was tested last year, but they kept it pretty quiet, now I'd be the last person to say that beginning schools encourage homosexuality, I mean, look at me! the last thing is, this relationship between relationships, so it's the same thing, only different. As well as least here, they give all the sons of old boys who get these. Well, sort of. At the end I went to, an Associated School, they're the ones who didn't make it in the GPS, so I guess, there's the failure rate of the Learning Center. That's really interesting, and a real big goal, considering they have hundred dollars a name, plus expenses. Of course, very course, for these small exclusive all-inclusive fees. Here are such things benefits as compulsory cards, compulsory hospital, old time, singles, Kukhla, learning. And at the end of it all you have the choice of joining, yes, wait for it, the Old Boys. You can actually pay them money, and that entitles you to buy it, the old wheel, be there you can write whatever bawdy offices you like with it — I mean, that's a personal opinion.

Quite a bit didn't get printed in the Oba's notes in Stock West, but here's a bit of interesting gospelish stuff of my old ways. One old & stretch in Long Bay I'm told seemed to need to strip down daddy's cats and sell the parts. The daddy wasn't his father and he called the creatures I remember. Paul he used to shoplift from school when he was a super in short pants. Another blake I met after years of no suspension, the left under a cloud hopped up in a push pull, all the but purple ski pants free books and he told me he was goofily employed as a mole prostitute, there a go and a big turn, but of course that was before the dollars come

This is all too sordid. I won't continue. I mean, I don't want to send a grateful letter to the Association, it gave me

PETER DRAGIN

Those who have heard the voice of Wayne Newton—and mistakes it perhaps for that of a big-voiced girl—should not be misled.

FATHER
FORGIVE
THEM, FOR
THEY KNOW NOT
WHAT THEY
DO

ISN'T
WE WONDER-
FUL?

MRS. CALWELL'S DIARY

Yet another "blatant" month for years. Only June at 30 Bourne Street? When will it all end, I wonder? Arthur seems to think it will all be over very soon but I really think that he's being a little pessimistic. Of course, he only says these things to me and I'd have them to get around, Dear Diary, but he has been very downcast over the last few weeks. Nothing seems to cheer him up. When the radio man announced our wonderful victory in that Queensland seat I rushed into the kitchen and just blurted out the news to him but it only seemed to make him feel worse for some reason.

"Arthur," I said, "we've won the election!" He was reading some campaign leaflets at the time and he just looked up at me with that beaten look I know so well after all our years of electioneering together. "But Arthur," said I, "it's your victory. You deserve the compliment." "Yes," he said, "and when you finished it."

I tried to tell him that it was his short opening speech that did it, but he just kept saying things like "Petterson's Coast" and "Ellsworth deserves him" until we ended up about putting bridge-tow up beat roads and things.

I'm very worried about Arthur's health at the moment. For a man of 69 his movements have something the storm-tells and then if he flings into a roar for he secretly does now and then he throws things and shoves up and down the passage like a wild man.

He gets in those moods especially if one of the boys don't something and doesn't tell him about it beforehand. My, the work he's told to Graham Freudentenberg — he's the one who wrote Arthur's books — well, I don't like machoism Jews either, especially when they have mothers that led such rather low lives, but saying it to the men's faces! Arthur would usually keep thoughts like that to himself when the fellow didn't about but when Graham imagined Arthur was gloriously fit to be seen!

It was such a pity because we were a very close-knit group — Graham, Arthur and myself. When he wasn't reading up on something at the leading library or helping Arthur with the station Graham would make himself extremely useful about the house. Many's the time our lawns have been cut or the washing brought in by Graham. He was a model press secretary in many ways although he was almost terribly modest about the effect his words would have on public thinking. When Arthur set down to write Graham's winning into accessible form for his speeches and books, he would often tell Graham just what he was.

But as Arthur went on with his stories, Graham would just get more and more modest. To hear him talk, you'd think he didn't write a single word! Of course, though, the biggest event of the month was Gough's nervous breakdown.

I do feel so sorry for his wife and four lovely children but I suppose he was bound to like control sooner or later. Arthur is more sensitive than most when it comes to seeing nervous conditions in others and he has always said that Gough had these sensations of giddiness. And now they have overwhelmed what used to be a very sweet personality. Poor Gough.

As I write, Arthur is trying to break him into a sentence well away from Collins and goldmines because being near the family clearly makes him partially unmanageable. Unfortunately many rest homes insist that his doctors must certify him before admission to a closed ward can be arranged. Arthur will try every means to admit Gough before subjecting him to this painful business. As he says, he can get seven of Australia's top political minds to say that poor Gough is unbalanced so why do they need two doctors? Don't me, it is a sad episode. Here he was, all set for a good sleepy career as deputy opposition leader and now this happens. As if this wasn't bad enough Arthur is afraid that Gough's disease has spread. In some



Look, NO radio-activity!



funny way. He didn't like the look of Alan Fraser as on the news the other night and I must say that even I thought Alan was saying some very strange things. In fact, neither of them seem to have caught it from Gough — and very kindly, too. Arthur was saying just last night that Gough seemed to think he was Jesus Christ and the rest imagined they were his disciples. At first he thought that he had better go along with this "religion" and begin arrangements for a sort of moderate-day exorcism of Gough. It was the only thing that would satisfy them, he said. For a while it did seem to be the only thing but then there was a little let-up now. Arthur hopes he'll soon be able to wash his hands of the whole business.

2

X

SOUND

OPENING SHOT: The American Eagle symbol is "Plumbus Urine," whose father is using the title of this satirically.

CUT TO: A bed. MOM and DAD carry on a dialogue for us to hear while the camera shows them from all possible angles in a parody of the beginning of *Homeless Man Answer*.

MOM: Honey?

DAD: Yes, dear?

MOM: Could I ask you something?

DAD: Of course.

MOM: Well — it's just that — you don't seem to have your heart in your Rimsday tonight.

DAD: Well, you know what Mr. President said on television. That we should all of us not go to bed one night without asking whether we have done everything we could do that day to win the struggle in Vietnam.

DAD: I'm sure he didn't mean that literally, dear.

DAD: Well, I take it literally. I can't help it. I want to do something.

DAD: It's always okay. Never me. I want to feel involved in the world situation.

MOM: I'm going to tell you something, sweetie. I want you to listen, sweetie. I'm getting sick and tired of a married relationship that has to serve as a horometer of international tension.

DAD: Oh, come, now, it can't be so bad as all that.

SON — we having breakfast. DAD is reading the newspaper. SON is trying to get his attention.

SON: Say, Dad?

DAD: Xemira behind him shows him unflinchingly with a pen certain lines in an editorial. Just a minute, Son. He writes, "That's so hurt" in the margin. Yes, what is it?

SON: I was thinking about what the President said on television last night about Vietnam —

DAD: And you tell you wanted to participate in some way?

SON: No, I don't want to kill any Vietnamese.

MOM: And you certainly don't want any Vietnamese to kill you.

DAD: Look, you don't have to kill anybody directly. I have a friend of a friend in the Defense Department. What with your ROTC credits, I think we might be able to get you into their special Military Advocate training programme.

DAD: Dad, what are you trying to say is that, as far as participation goes, I mean where I — and — where I could really do something concrete — well, what I was thinking of was the terrible danger isn't only ninety miles from our own shore.

MOM: You mean Cuba?

SON: No, Mississippi. I'd like to go there this summer.

DAD: But son, it's dangerous down there.

SON: I know that, but I've been doing a lot of reading, thinking, Dad. Mom.

I — I'm trying to become a water supply worker in the South.

DAD: Oh, God, how have we failed?

SON: Now you listen to me, you have no business talking to Mississippi.

DAD: But, Dad.

MOM: Oh, God, where did we go wrong?

DAD: Don't feel bad me. If you were really concerned about voting rights, you'd want to go to Vietnam and do something about ensuring free elections there.

CUT TO: Close-up of a mother. Immediately followed the words "my worthy". In one

Viets scene, the shape of frost over MOM's hand reaches her. Then the family — MOM, DAD and college girl

18 OZ March



MOM: All right, that's enough — please, no arguments this morning. (To Dad) Anyways, you've got to get to the office. (To Son) And if you don't hurry there, be late for class.

SOM: And what are your plans, Mom?

MOM: I think today I'm going to repeat some obscure mail to the postmaster. (DOORBELL rings). More owners do. It's the postman. He gives her mail. She looks through the mail. Ah, yes, here's some more of it now. Looks a bit like photos! (To Mom) Disgusting!

SOM: Can I see them, Mom?

MOM: Certainly not. They're obscene photo prints. (Heads for telephone) I'd better make an appointment right now. (Begins dialing)

CUT TO: A telephone ringing. The postmaster picks it up, brings it to his mouth. As he speaks, camera moves back to show him aiming or desk.

POSTMASTER: Postmaster speaking.

yes, ma'am, yes, two o'clock this afternoon would be fine, oh, Mom? please be sure to bring the obscene photo prints with you, well, I'll see you then, thank you, goodbye. Hangs up. Then picks his things and puts his hands together.

CUT TO: Alternative, telephones GIRL, talking to SOM, on computer.

(GIRL) I just don't wanna get involved.

SOM: Look, I'm not asking you to make me do it. I'm not even asking you to do this to me. I just want you to do it for me. I just want you to do it for me.

CUT TO: DAD's office. He presses button of intercom. Secretary's voice says "Yes, sir?"

DAD: After you finish typing out these sales orders, I'd like you to do a little research for me. I want you to check into the height of the average Viet Cong.

CUT TO: POSTMASTER's office. MOM enters. He has the window shades down, candlelight, soft music on, phonograph.

POSTMASTER: Did you bring the obscene photo prints?

MOM: Yes.

POSTMASTER: You show me yours and I'll show you mine.

CUT TO: GIRL: I just don't wanna get involved, that's all.

CUT TO: DAD: You say the average height of a Viet Cong gook is four feet seven inches. Well, tell me about it.

CUT TO: MOM and POSTMASTER dancing.

CUT TO: GIRL: Can't just meet you at the movies after the demonstration?

CUT TO: DAD: I have a sneaking suspicion that some of these so-called Viet Cong we've seen on the news are actually Radio Chinese agents.

CUT TO: POSTMASTER: You wanna play Put-Officer?

CUT TO: GIRL: Luck, I'll print your placard for you, but that's as far as it goes.

CUT TO: DAD: They must be smuggling in through there.

CUT TO: POSTMASTER and MOM necking furiously on his desk.

CUT TO: GIRL: I tell you, I don't go elsewhere.

CUT TO: Close-up of a strange man's face. He's a RAPIST. He is talking to his VICTIM.

RAPIST: I'm going to rape you.

VICTIM: No sweat, little old lady. You just don't know what you look like.

CUT TO: POSTMASTER's office. He begins to address SOM. She speaks in a teasing way.

MOM: I'm going to report you to the Postmaster General.

CUT TO: SON: Kneading girl's ear and mauling with it at the same time.

SOM: Please, you don't even have to carry a gun or anything. I just want you to be with me.

CUT TO: RAPIST: Promise me you won't scream.

VICTIM: Oh, yes, I will scream! I Help—creamed assault, criminal assault—helps, help, I'm being criminally assaulted—help! You keep this up, a parody of Bad Scene in *The Krays*, and a crowd gathers around there, being careful not to interfere!

RAPIST: I love you.

VICTIM: Years from now, when you talk about this...

CUT TO: Dad, walking along the street, muttering to himself.



and DAD's reaction, over which we hear his inner voice each time we return to the scene of this rape. His voice is clearly implied.

DAD's Voice: Why is everybody just standing around and watching?

This is different from Vietnam — there's a personal choice for personal involvement here. Nobody else is doing anything about it, why don't you?

You're been working all your life for an opportunity like this. Go ahead. Go on, go on.

DAD: I go through the crowd and punches on the VICTIM, pinning her mouth, and rapping at her understandings. The crowd applauds and yells its encouragement to him.

The crowd suddenly turns into cheering spectators in a football stadium, where the



DAD: We're too soft on Communism, too soft, too soft.

CUT TO: POSTMASTER (surprised): You're styling me a hard time.

CUT TO: GIRL: You can do whatever you want, she says to SOM. I won't protest.

SOM: I know you've demonstrated with other girls.

CUT TO: VICTIM: Her dress has been torn off, and she is wearing old-fashioned pantaloons, etc. DAD walks by and joins the crowd watching. He speaks to a MAN in the crowd.

DAD: Excuse me, what's going on here? (MAN) Rape in progress.

They now have a *Playboy*-like series of quick cuts, back and forth, between POSTMASTER and MOM between SOM and GIRL, between RAPIST and VICTIM.

which is now taking place of superstitiously. Second base. The noise off the includes girls, leaders and leaders, reaches a ferocious pitch, and then...

CUT TO: Close-up of MOM, in the kitchen.

MOM: Doesn't it stink?

Dad goes into the bathroom, and washes his hands. As he is about to dry them, he sees two towels on the rack. One is inscribed **WE** and the other is inscribed **THEY**. At that point the SON appears in the bathroom doorway. Before we see which towel DAD reaches for, the picture freezes, as at the end of *The 400 Blows*. During this whole non-narrative scene, we hear music — the theme to which POSTMASTER and MOM had been dancing — we hear it faintly at first, but it rises in a crescendo of the freeze. We never find out which towel...

ALL THE BEST POP FOLK HEROES

DEVOUR BINKIES

AT
KIDS



BINKIES
DRIVE-IN
RESTAURANT
212 ELIZABETH
STREET

THE FOLK HEROES
WHO DEVOUR A BINKIE
THE PHANTOM ♀
NANCY MANIKAKE
DR. COUCH & THE WIZ
ARD OF ID-PRINCE
FLAM-CHARLIE
A-GOGO